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The world recedes and leaves us in mid-air.

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Up from the deep sea's darkness stole a drop of light.

AN ALBATROSS

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MIST

God's breath upon the mirror of the sea.

TWILIGHT

Gray with the vestige of forgotten light.

YOUTH AND FAME

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A MOB ORATOR

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Authors at Home

[We begin herewith the publication of a new series of Authors at Home, to include those writers who have become conspicuous since the first series appeared, ten or twelve years ago. The new roll may not include names so eminent as those of Lowell, Whittier, Holmes, Mark Twain and Mrs. Stowe, but it will afford interesting glimpses of men and women of more than national reputation. Among these are Mr. F. Marion Crawford, Dr. Weir Mitchell, Mr. Richard Harding Davis and Mr. John La Farge.]

CHARLES CONRAD ABBOTT, M.D., AT TRENTON.

A NATURALIST must, ordinarily, either gather a great many facts as to comparatively few animals, or else view his subject so broadly that he can know comparatively little as to any one kind. It is in the first field that Dr. Abbott has made himself eminent. Circumstances and disposition together have led him to examine with continuous and microscopic care, through half a lifetime, the natural history of a single farm, whose situation is peculiarly advantageous for the purpose. The method, patience and intelligence with which this has been done, have given a high scientific value to the resulting contributions to knowledge, while the observer's literary faculty has fortunately enabled him to publish them in such a manner as to make them delightful as well as profitable to general readers.

Even a short acquaintance with Dr. Abbott's writings supplies internal evidence that the region familiar to this genial rambler is near the staid old town of Trenton, N. J. This is one of the very oldest regions of civilized occupancy in the United States, for Swedes and Dutchmen were tilling gardens there before William Penn had been heard of; and the Friends who followed that wise leader were quick to seize upon the warm and fertile valley-lands along the beautiful Delaware. It is from this old English Quaker stock that Dr. Abbott descends on the paternal side—ancestors who, in his grandfather's time, were intimate with the Bartrams, whose famous gardens were the resort of the local intellectual society of their day. If we must look for some hereditary reason for Dr. Abbott's ability, this may be remembered; but the stronger impulse toward his special bent came, no doubt, from his mother's side; for his maternal grandfather was Professor of Mineralogy and Botany in the University of Pennsylvania, and his "Uncle Tim" Conrad was among the foremost of that band of naturalists who laid the foundations of American zoölogy.

Philadelphia, during the first half of this century, and until the coming of Agassiz to Cambridge, was the centre of instruction and encouragement for naturalists. Here the Peales, the Bartrams, Ord, Le Sueur, Wilson, Thomas Say, that erratic genius Rafinesque, and others, founded in 1812 the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Science, which, although not the earliest, became at once the most active of such societies. Among the younger of these men was Timothy Conrad, who devoted himself to botany and conchology, and mainly by the study of fossil mollusks became the father of American paleontology.

These reminiscences become pertinent when it is added that Conrad was a member of the Abbott household throughout the Doctor's boyhood and that he constantly took the lad with him in his walks afield. It is not surprising, therefore, that the traditions and influence of this departed coterie of Philadelphia naturalists should have had so strong an effect upon him—should, perhaps, have survived longest in his person.

Born at Trenton in 1843, turning naturally after his school-days to the medical profession as a congenial pursuit, Abbott had obtained his degree in time to take a surgeon's commission in the Civil War, but his experience there was uneventful, and he soon returned to Trenton to live. The practice of medicine, however, was taken up with even less energy than its study had been, and the young doctor, married now and possessed by legacy of the farm he has since cultivated so thoroughly for unsown and unsuspected crops, gradually slipped into that life of strangely productive indolence which has brought him a higher return than his sandy "upland" or even his "mucky meadow" might have yielded to him, after grimy toil with plow and harrow.

For almost forty years this close watch, which makes our author singular among all American naturalists save Thoreau (and the only one to whom ought properly to be applied the title of the Gilbert White of America), has been kept upon the ways of animal life in a single very limited area, and one likely to yield results of peculiar value.

Trenton lies near the junction of two natural, climatic zones of zoölogical distribution—a northern and a southern one. Dr. Abbott, therefore, has under his eye in the course of a year a greater variety of plants and animals than a locality a hundred miles farther north or south would show; while the comparatively mild and equable climate due to the general situation gives him a preponderance of active winter life. In addition to this, local peculiarities induce an unusual assemblage of animals in his immediate neighborhood.

The Delaware River, below Trenton, now sweeps over to the opposite side of its ancient valley, leaving very broad "bottoms," overflowed in those heavy spring freshets so picturesquely described in "Rambles," but dry enough to be tilled in summer wherever they are not clothed with swampy woods. This constitutes an ideal resort for aquatic and bog-loving quadrupeds, birds and reptiles; and the charming creek, "too insignificant to merit attention from the geographer," that winds down past the farm to the river, abounds in fishes. Such swampy retreats as this remain substantially unchanged from their primitive condition, no matter how near civilization may come to their borders, and they form an asylum for many a shy creature elsewhere extinct. The "mucky meadow," so familiar to the readers of Dr. Abbott's books, is one of the larger open patches in these rich river-bottoms.

The rim of these lowlands is formed by a curving bluff, nearly a hundred feet in height, that marks the extent of the ancient river-course. Too steep to plow, it has always remained covered with trees and thickets of bushes, where the northern pine and hemlock mingle with the southern tulip and persimmon. Shielded from cold inland winds, open on the east and south to the earliest and warmest sunshine, this

long wooded bluff, with its towering outlooks for large birds, its safe coverts for smaller ones, its abundance and diversity of food, is simply a natural aviary, where an ornithologist may keep under observation for a whole season not only species but individuals of many kinds, and learn them as one learns his pets.

On the brow of this bluff, overlooking the broad flats and a lovely landscape beyond, with an old orchard and garden in front, aged pines whispering overhead and rolling fields stretching to the highway half a mile in the rear, stands the roomy, old-fashioned farmhouse in which Dr. Abbott has dwelt for thirty years.

Such are his "uplands and meadows." We who have been privileged to tramp with him about the domain, and even to sit by his "andirons," know how real and exact are all the local features pictured in his writings. We have boated upon Crosswicks and Watson's creeks; we have seen the "swallow cliff" punctured with the holes of its tiny troglodytes; we have threaded the brush of the "ravine," have scared the herons from their clustered nests above the "sink-hole," have rested in the shade of the beeches, have sprung from tussock to tussock across the "mucky meadow," have strolled up and down the shady lane where the warblers congregate and an innumerable insect-choir sings of sweets in the apple blossoms.

Dr. Abbott has written fiction, and good, imaginative fiction, too; but none of it has ever been mixed with his accounts of nature on his estate. I say this because there are those who, ignorant of his opportunities, methods and persistence, have refused to accept some of his statements, and have unjustly disparaged the authenticity of his work. To say that a man is never mistaken would be a foolish defence; but it cannot be truthfully said that Dr. Abbott has ever wilfully misrepresented, or has not always been well-equipped for understanding what he saw; and it has happened again and again that his early notes, rejected by the *savants* on the ground that it was improbable a boy from the fields could tell them anything new, and certain that he couldn't have seen anything the books said was not observable, have been abundantly verified since that discouraging time. We have learned that a man who keeps steadily under his eye, during many successive seasons, the same bit of country and the same set of animals is sure to acquire information that an occasional observer, or even the aggregate attention of many occasional observers, would rarely obtain; and to deny the truth of a reported incident of the woods simply because it has not been at once duplicated, is as unphilosophical as it is unsafe.

Dr. Abbott is not merely a trained and truthful naturalist—unquestionably the best field-naturalist among those known to the general public,—he is also a careful man; and his methods, as will be seen, entitle his reports to more than ordinary credence. The fact is, the glances askance now and then given to his statements as a zoölogist by certain of the systematists and dissectors who suppose themselves within the Sanhedrim of science, would probably never have been cast, had their author printed his observations in the "Proceedings" or "Bulletin" of some institution, and entitled his essay—to make a comparison at random—"Notes on the Preparation for Autumnal Migration Observed in

Certain Birds in the Vicinity of Trenton, N. J., in 1890," instead of "The Gathering of the Clans." Their trouble with Dr. Abbott's science arises from its literary form: the real reason why some "scientists" have been anxious about its accuracy is that they feel it is made interesting. That sort of mind distrusts the steel in any polished blade.

Dr. Abbott's writings are based upon the most approved rules of experience—repeated observations instantly recorded. Ever since he was a boy he has kept a diary of outdoor experiences, astounding in its minuteness and continuity. As a rule, nothing has been left, even over night, to a memory likely to become confused by subsequent occurrences. The full record of each day's notes was spread upon the great ledger-page the same evening, and a fresh mind and blank leaf were turned together toward the morrow's impressions. Transcripts of these pages, assorted and combined with literary skill, form the stimulating, instructive essays that visit us in the magazines, and stay with us as handsome volumes.

The great notebooks began to be formed in the '50s, but it was long before anything went into print out of them except occasional notes in such periodicals as *The American Naturalist*. Then Dr. Abbott began to pen more readable articles for *The Popular Science Monthly*, *Science Gossip* and certain obscure weeklies, scattering good material for poor pay, or none at all, with a prodigality that shocked a practical friend into giving him severe lectures on waste and extravagance.

But at that time not only was Dr. Abbott almost wholly indifferent to literary glory, but regarded his zoölogy as recreation and was ambitious only in the direction of prehistoric Indian life, evidences of which remain in extraordinary abundance in the Delaware valley, in the stone implements, articles of worked bone, horn, clay, etc. More than ten years ago Dr. Abbott's own farm had already yielded 25,000 "Indian relics," which had been deposited by him in the National Museum, among correspondents abroad, or, especially, in the Peabody Museum of Archæology at Cambridge, which in this department constitutes a monument to his discovery of paleolithic man in America. The facts and generalizations drawn by him from the study of these materials long ago placed him in the foremost rank as an archæologist; and in 1881 his work and views were summarized in a volume happily styled "Primitive Industry." It would require a whole essay to deal adequately with Dr. Abbott's investigations, discussions and discoveries in this department.

His interest was still centered in these matters, and especially in proving the existence of glacial man in the Delaware valley, when at last he was persuaded to put together his first popular nature-book—"A Naturalist's Rambles about Home." It was immediately accepted by the Appletons and issued by them in 1884. Having thus got fairly started, the other books, whose felicitous titles are now so well-known,* followed rapidly, but the second and third were

*The list to date is "Primitive Industry" (1881), "A Naturalist's Rambles about Home" (1884), "Upland and Meadow" (1886), "Wasteland Wanderings" (1887), "Days out of Doors" (1888), "Outings at Odd Times" (1889), "Recent Rambles" (1892), "Travels in a Tree-top" (1894), "The Birds About Us" (1895), "A Colonial Wooing" (1895), "Notes of the Night" (1896), "Birdland Echoes" (1896), "When the Century was New" (1897), "The Freedom of the Fields" and "The Hermit of Nottingham" (1897).

published by the Harpers. Then for a few years Dr. Abbott left the old farm and settled himself near Philadelphia, where he was engaged in organizing the Museum of Archæology at the University of Pennsylvania. This—like an earlier period of service as a bank official—became so irksome that he returned with joy to the freedom of his hillside; but it had the lasting effect of opening new literary channels, and of attaching him closely to the Lippincotts, who have been the publishers of almost all his productions since 1887.

Of the literary quality of these books I am not called upon to speak, even were my opinion of any value. As is natural in a man of Dr. Abbott's temperament, they have developed from entertaining chronicles of novel facts into a broader and more contemplative treatment of his themes—their subjective aspects and human relations attracting his attention more and more, until his essays now are often purely literary and critical; yet the influence of scientific training (always, I believe, an advantageous thing to a man-of-letters) is still apparent. To one personally acquainted with the author, this growth is by no means surprising; nor is it surprising that an occasional poem of deep feeling, and three novels, dealing with local characteristics of the past, have come from his mature pen.

Dr. Abbott still dwells upon his farm, and devotes himself unreservedly to his walking and writing and "relic"-digging, for his son reigns as farmer in his stead. But all the plowing and sowing and reaping of grain and roots will not interfere with his own tillage of the yet low fields and green meadows that lie about him, and we may still expect to be gladdened for many years by the accounts of his garnerings. When the time at last comes—forefend the day!—when all his sheaves have been gathered, he will go to his harvest-home with an assurance that every lover of nature is rejoiced that he has lived.

ERNEST INGERSOLL.

Literature

"The Personal Equation"

By Harry Thurston Peck. Harper & Bros.

PROF. PECK's vigor and confidence are refreshing in these days when the voice of the dilettante pipes so shrilly in the land of criticism. Prof. Peck is at least not one of those critics who refuse to take themselves seriously and are content to play cleverly upon wind instruments for the delectation of idlers. He shows in the very range and ambitiousness of his subjects his thorough belief in himself. He begins with Mr. Howells; and the diapason closes full in Theology. Between whiles, he analyzes and disposes of several Frenchmen of letters, deals pontifically with various rather difficult educational problems, pays his compliments to Herr Nordau, explains the ins and outs of American prejudice against England, and makes studies of American politics and political oratory. Perhaps there is a trace here of the foible of our omniscience—that *first* "infirmary of noble mind." Nevertheless, on nearly all of these topics, Prof. Peck is interesting, and on most of them really suggestive.

The least worthy essays—really, they ought to have been left out—are those on Mr. Howells and "The New Child and its Picture-Books." The essay on Mr. Howells has a long dissertation on the Great American Novel. But what sensible reader now needs to be assured through eight pages that the Great American Novel can never exist? "No French critic can be fancied solemnly discussing the possibility of the Great French Novel." Prof. Peck should have "excepted the before excepted." So with the long lay sermon on Pessimism with which the essay closes; it is a piece

of gratuitous theorizing. Could not the critic have given us less of the "nectared sweets" of divine Philosophy and more of plain, everyday Mr. Howells? The "Picture-Book" essay contains a sound, though not novel, plea for the rights of the imaginative in education, but it is spoiled by much cheapness of style. "Psychological racket," "rolling off a log," "trotting out" this and that—these be "brave words" doubtless, wherewith to amuse country school-teachers; but surely they are out of place in a book that aims to be literature.

Prof. Peck has been called a Philistine; his occasional reckless English is partly to blame for the charge. His idiom is now and then indubitably the idiom of Gath. The frequent bumptiousness of his manner, too, savors of Philistia; he swaggers like Og of Bashan. But after all, *Cucullus non facit monachum*, as Prof. Peck would say in his fine polyglot fashion; an occasional bit of bluster doesn't make a Philistine. Prof. Peck is spiritually regenerate; he is heart and soul with the children of light. Indeed, the trend of his whole volume is steadily anti-Philistine. From first to last he is pleading for the ideal elements in our civilization. In his essay on "American Education" he protests against the increasing influence of the "bread-and-butter principle" in higher education. "The university does not exist to train mere sordid toilers . . . We do not need more baccalaureate bagmen, more 'hustlers,' more matriculated mechanics, more polymathic plumbers." The university should aim "to endue" men "with a sense of proportion and a luminous philosophy of life—a thing impossible to those who do not draw their inspiration from the thought, the history, and the beauty of the classic past." Similarly, the essay on "The New Child's Picture-Books" contends for the training of the imagination and the feelings, and scoffs at the cut-and-dried educational schemes, that would make of a child a little dry-as-dust pedant. A few of the good paragraphs in the essay on Mr. Howells contain a defence of idealism in art and of the romance. "The Passing of Nordau" attacks "Degeneration" as basely materialistic in its conceptions of normality. Herr Nordau "regards an intelligent machine as the perfection of human progress." "He cannot believe in imagination save as a symptom of irrationality; he cannot recognize any love of beauty save as a manifestation of erotomania." In theology, Prof. Peck refuses to be content with mere scientific rationalism. He accepts the new criticism, but delights chiefly in its recent favorableness to orthodox traditions, that have rooted themselves in the hearts and imaginations of the great mass of believers. In his essay on "American Feeling toward England," he confesses to a half-romantic affection for England as the historical source of many of the most ideal elements in American life, and he asserts that such a romantic affection is, underneath all disguises and passing moods of pique, the characteristic feeling of intelligent Americans toward England. Here again he emphasizes a conservative and ideal influence in our national life, and in emphasizing it, tends to foster it and increase its power. In all these various ways, Prof. Peck's volume of essays is a persuader toward the ideal life.

The continual attempt, too, to keep literature in touch with life and to interpret literature as an expression of life is worth special notice in these days when smart talk about words and phrases makes up so much of criticism. It is life that first and foremost interests Prof. Peck—American life in all its various aspects,—in all its length and breadth,—from the small country town, where the Chautauqua Reading Circle is the highest form of dissipation, to what he calls "the cosmopolitan whirl of the great metropolis." What are the prevailing intellectual interests of this great American people and what ought they be? What kinds of literature are Americans welcoming most eagerly, and how is this literature going to react on conduct? What kind of men are the colleges likely to turn out, as their methods and schemes of study are made over in

accordance with the practical and utilitarian interests of the age? What are our social habits and customs? Do we take sweet champagne with our fish? (Prof. Peck, thank Heaven, does not). On all these questions, the critic has much to say, and much that is in a high degree worth hearing; his criticism of life is distinctly of the right sort, despite his tendency to pose as an exiled *flâneur* of the *boulevards*, or as a disenchanted haunter of splendid drawing-rooms, who, an he would, could tell strange tales of conquests. Throughout the book there is a consistent attempt to make criticism a genuine force in actual life. In spirit, too, the criticism is thoroughly American, thoroughly patriotic, though sensitive to foreign standards and European traditions.

Not that all Prof. Peck's ingenious theorizing seems sound. Surely, he is wrong, for example, in setting down American faith in "the legislative formula" as due to German influences. A like belief in the talismanic virtue of a legal enactment has existed in England for at least fifty years; Carlyle satirizes it in "Past and Present" in the chapter on "Morrison's Pill," and Matthew Arnold assails it in "Culture and Anarchy." Again, Prof. Peck's contemptuous onslaught on compulsory education seems curiously snobbish, —and inconsistent to boot. Is the patriotic Professor really a Russian at heart? Does he distrust ideas? Would he wish, like an old-fashioned English Tory, to have every peasant nightly offer up the prayer:—

"God bless the squire and his relations
And keep us in our proper stations"?

The more discontented people we have, the better, provided we give them higher notions to control their discontent.

The vigor and the vivacity of Prof. Peck's style make his essays very good reading despite many faults of taste. We wish he might be prevailed on to temper a trifle his swagger, to avoid cheap slang, to use a less bewildering assortment of foreign phrases, and to guard against "fine" writing. When he urges his readers to try to attain "the splendid ataraxy that Epicurus taught," we doubt if he speaks to edification. His figures, too, need watching. In one place (p. 359), he talks about "a few powerful and unwearied minds . . . always laboring . . . single-minded . . . close to the heart of each great problem." In another place (p. 57), he represents a writer as "by a few . . . touches . . . throwing a vivid light into the very heart of a situation." Nevertheless, Prof. Peck himself throws light into the hearts of many and various situations, and his book is a book to be grateful for.

"Life and Letters of Harriet Beecher Stowe"

Edited by Annie Fields. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

MOST men choose, at some time, between art and life. Women do not choose. The human, constantly at war with the artistic, is imperious. It will have all of life or none. That Mrs. Stowe was never an artist, is the most interesting fact revealed in her Life and Letters. Mrs. Fields does not tell us this. She lets us see the woman in the public relations of life and in the public side of private ones. Editorial criticism is absent, or, when it occurs, is less obtrusive than the reader's own comment. Not a suggestion is given that Mrs. Stowe failed to be a great artist because she was a woman, and fell just short of being a great woman because she was an artist. Yet this is the conviction with which one lays down the book.

The artist who is to create must be a little cold-blooded toward life. This, Harriet Beecher Stowe could never be. She must give herself, first and always, to those who needed her: husband, children, friends, colored folk, home cares and other people's homes. Life was to her the great novel. Writing was always—"Uncle Tom's Cabin," and always a money-making enterprise. Once, and once only, it took possession of her, carried her away into the land of spirit, and made her forget life, babies and cisterns until "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had written itself out. Thus her great book

was a human book, not an artistic one. The critics could do nothing with it, except to pronounce it the greatest book of the century. It must be judged as life is judged by its fruits, and they had not the key. It laughed at their rules and defied their causes. It was a law unto itself. They might have known that only one thing is thus indifferent to art—life itself.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" was for Mrs. Stowe something human. She could give herself to it, sacrifice herself for it. She could write it, as she lived for her children, in self-forgetfulness. For the first and last time in her experience, Life and Art came face to face as in a mirror. When, misled by her success, she tried to make literature, the result was inevitable failure. No story, except for a little while "Old Town Folks," ever again took possession of her; and without this she was powerless to resist the demands of her family and of life upon her time. "I find some curious notes showing how easily she was attracted by new subjects of interest away from the work she had in hand. Her keen sympathy with everything and everybody made it more and more difficult to concentrate herself upon the long story she held, after all, to be of the first importance."

Her publishers had their patience sorely tried. Mrs. Fields's touch is of the lightest, but one is quite ready to believe that even the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" could not postpone engagements indefinitely, break off in the midst of a serial, keep presses and men waiting weeks for the next move of her characters, without both author and publisher requiring "all the tender regard they had for each other and all the patience they possessed to keep in tune." The publishers had not her point of view. They could not understand the rule of a woman's life: "Babies first, art afterward." They made the best of a trying situation. For the public would have everything that Mrs. Stowe could write, no matter how fragmentary or how long delayed. The public, at least, knew by instinct that the power that made it possible for her to write "Uncle Tom's Cabin" kept her from writing anything else as long as anyone needed her. The public could understand, if publishers could not, the passion for personal sacrifice that kept them waiting months for a story while the artist was tending a baby of the second generation. "'I can not positively come under binding engagements,' she says in October, 'to begin my story next month. Yet I *think* I shall be ready, unless such heavy blows of family affliction fall as paralyze me. I wanted to begin with a month's supply ahead. . . . I have not been *writing*, but I have been *composing* the story all this time in the intervals of nursing and tending baby.'"

There was once a Man upon the earth who glorified the art of living and of sacrifice until stories and pictures seemed insignificant, the playthings of children, and of grown folk in tired hours. Most men choose, at some time, between life and art. Women do not choose. Life and nature choose for them.

"In Kedar's Tents"

By Henry Seton Merriman. Dodd, Mead & Co.

MR. MERRIMAN'S new romance deals with life and adventure in Spain, and it is as interesting and readable, as full of action, incident and color as his previous tales of Africa, Russia and India. But what will Mr. Merriman do when the list of foreign lands is exhausted and he is obliged to resort to gray England for his material? England is not sufficiently eventful for him. Nobody has yet accused Mr. Merriman of being a sensational writer, and yet in fifteen out of the thirty chapters of this book a life is either lost or saved or put in serious peril. But others slay their hundreds also without obtaining the hold upon the affections of the reading public which this author has undoubtedly acquired. Whence comes his steadily-increasing popularity, and with

what section or sections of the writer's audience does he find most favor?

In the first place, Mr. Merriman is naturally and spontaneously mediæval in his tastes. His work has its closest affinity, not with anything in this century nor in the last, after the development of character came to be regarded as the chief concern of fiction, but rather with the old poet-chroniclers. Of late, other men have sought Sir Thomas Malory's point of view for commercial ends, but Mr. Merriman was born with something very like it. In his eyes the merit of a man is to be courageous and truthful; the merit of a woman is to be beautiful, loyal and domestic; the merit of a novelist is to take such a pair and make them pass through many adventures calculated to test these qualities, uniting them happily at the end. This is not an inadequate statement of Mr. Merriman's literary faith, and it explains much of his popularity, for the great mass of people are mediævalists at heart.

But because he lives in the 19th century, neither comprehending nor loving it, with the uncomplicated ideals of an earlier era before his eyes, Mr. Merriman is somewhat embittered. He is cynical at times, especially about the modern woman, and occasionally his cynicism takes the form of epigram. More frequently, however, it appears as platitude. Perhaps a platitude is only an epigram that has not been polished. Certainly Mr. Merriman's later books have contained more than their due proportion of the crude article, and to the critical reader this seems a disadvantage. On the other hand there can be no doubt that platitude is popular. Probably half of Mr. Merriman's readers prefer his platitudes to his epigrams, and find them thoughtful and brilliant. The fact that he deals in both secures him an audience much wider than the man who is clever without being commonplace can command.

When Mr. Merriman is at his best, his manner of dealing with his material recalls Henry Kingsley. His essential mediævalism renders his outlook on life and character much more contracted than that of the elder novelist, but he has something of Kingsley's robust and undaunted belief in the fineness of the people he writes about, and a little of that flow of life and spirit which makes Kingsley's work so dear and engaging to this day.

All sorts of novelists are needed to make up a period in fiction, and it is doubtless well that there should be some one to uphold as vigorously as Mr. Merriman does the early Anglo-Saxon ideals of manhood and womanhood, while telling a good story to boot. His work is a wholesale protest against decadence in current fiction, and the spirit of it is fresh and good even when the letter leaves something to be desired. He does somewhat carelessly for the average reader what the author of "Sir Percival" did so satisfactorily for the fastidious few, and it is one of the good signs of the times that while the literary demands of the two classes diverge widely as regards technique, in the matter of the ethical interpretation of life they are practically the same.

"The Water of the Wondrous Isles"

By William Morris. Longmans, Green & Co.

THERE is nothing in contemporary fiction stranger than the prose romances of the late William Morris. That a man of his taste and ability, to say nothing of his poetic gift, should have adopted for his own the cumbrous style of old Malory is strange enough; that he should have busied himself for years in inventing fictions modeled on Malory's hotch-potch of old legends is stranger still; and strangest of all is it that he should have had no other motive in all this than to satisfy an artificial taste which he had himself created. One may read Malory and the old French *romans* for their quaintness, for an inkling of the fashion of their time, and for the hints which they give of still earlier times and of that conflict of races and of religions out of which came the

nations and the literatures of north-western Christian Europe. We might be glad to have Morris or another do for these old romances what he has done for Icelandic sagas and Greek legends in "The Earthly Paradise," that is to say clarify and vivify them through his antiquarian knowledge and his poetic imagination. But in most of his later stories Morris has only given us fables of his own concoction, of little merit or charm as fiction, and in which it is useless to look for any moral. They teach not, neither do they persuade, and they are clothed in a style which is neither simple nor magnificent.

Let it be admitted that "The House of the Wolfings" gives a plausible account of the manner of life of a barbarian German kindred, and that touches of nature and of true art occur more frequently in all these stories than in the average old wife's tale; still they are manifestly inferior to their models at some points. Like the old romances, they deal chiefly with love, war, and the miraculous; but the supernatural in Morris's hands is stale as a juggler's trick, and the fighting is as tame as the sparring of an ex-champion of the prize ring. Even those wonders of mediæval craftsmanship which Mr. Morris did so much to restore a taste for are described, when such description comes in his way, in vague general terms or in more wearisome detail; there is nothing of the glamor and splendor of the ancient lays and histories. The passion of love alone, sensuous, pagan, unreserved, is treated with some warmth and mastery. The lovers are kept apart by purely material obstacles—by distance or the interposition of armed force, backed usually by witchcraft. These obstacles overcome, they rush to their end with a fine disregard of Christian conventions and civilized proprieties. But in one respect, at least, they are superior to the lovers of the *romans*; they are faithful, each damsel to her lord, and bear the pangs of separation with a pagan constancy little known to the clerkly romancers of the middle ages.

In "The Water of the Wondrous Isles" the heroine is captured at a tender age by a witch who dwells alone in poverty by a great water, though her sister, a witch of no greater power, has a fine castle on an island in the lake. The child, grown a young girl, makes the acquaintance of a forest nymph by whose aid she escapes from the one witch only to fall into the clutches of the other. In the island castle she meets with three damsels, named, from the colors of their gowns, Viridis, Aurea and Atra. She escapes again and brings news of these to their lovers, who voyage to the enchanted island and stumble on the means to destroy the witch's spells. But why repeat a tale that signifies nothing? The amorous longings of the ladies, the erotomania of the Black Knight, and sundry disrobings, and much idyllic billing and cooing are described with particularity. Apart from such passages, there is no life in the book. A number of dim landscapes, peopled with shadows that more or less resemble men and women, remain in the memory like vestiges of a troubled dream. Anyone may read "The Earthly Paradise" or "The Life and Death of Jason"—the charm of the verse and the beauty of much of the imagery will carry him along; but we suppose that these prose romances are appreciated only by a few weary souls, who love to feel themselves alone and peculiar, and to whom the very dryness and difficulty of the style are welcome as barriers between their pleasure and the vulgar.

"Java"

The Garden of the East. By Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore. The Century Co.

THE AUTHOR of "Jinrikisha Days" has a quick, discerning eye, a well-balanced judgment, experience as a globe-trotter wherewith to establish a just basis of comparison, a deep love of nature, a keen sense of humor, and, as a crowning gift, a trained pen. When all these advantages are applied to a land that is *terra incognita*, yet incompara-

ble for natural beauty, and like Japan so far as the gentleness and courtesy of its native population are concerned, the chances are that the result will be a book that is a lasting joy to the reader.

Why Dutch East India, or, as the Dutch themselves shortly call it, ignoring the English possessions, "India," or, more colloquially still, "The East," is so little visited by tourists, is a puzzle, although Miss Scidmore finds an explanation in the fact that "the Dutch do not welcome tourists, nor encourage one to visit their paradise of the Indies." Yet it can hardly be that this hostile attitude—which is politely passive unless foreign capitalists endeavor to share in the wealth produced by the Dutch colonies—is the real cause of this neglect of the garden spot of the East by American, and especially by English, globe-trotters, who usually disregard the attitude of the natives or the *beati possidentes*, and are not averse to risking their lives when the humor takes them to penetrate unknown countries and visit forbidden places, such as Mecca or the holy city of Thibet. It is rather due to neglect and ignorance. But with Miss Scidmore's book, that ignorance will disappear, and in its place will be born a lively interest that will direct to these islands many a wanderer with well-filled purse. For life is dear in Dutch East India, where the gold standard is maintained, and the trade dollar of the Orient is unknown. Miss Scidmore has given us just enough of everything that interests the intelligent traveler—scenery, native life and that of the masters, history, economics, the comforts and cost of travel, religion, ruins, the theatre, music, the sources of wealth, and what not. Yet, imposing as this list may seem, her book is light and delightful reading, and, above all, it is just and correct—a notable achievement for a foreigner writing of a foreign land.

The narrative opens with a description of the trip from Singapore to Batavia, which is a work of art in its reproduction of the heat, the breathless stillness and the grandeur of sunrise and sunset at sea under the tropics. Batavia itself, laid out with canals and solid stone buildings, after the manner of Amsterdam, by the Dutch East India Company, yclept "Toewan (Mr.) Company" by the natives, is so unhealthy a place that the whites have practically deserted it for Buitenzorg ("Sans Souci"); but during her short stay there, the author got her first glimpse of the startling dishabille in which Dutch men and women in the tropics disport themselves until dinnertime. At night, on the other hand, the conventional garments of civilization are worn, without concession to the climate.

The reviewer wishes, first of all, to protest against Miss Scidmore's statement that "one's sympathy goes naturally with the brave, liberty-loving Achinese," in view of the fact that the pirates of the Dey of Algiers were gentle lambs compared with these treacherous natives, whom a pestilential climate and the halting policy of the Dutch home government have enabled to retain their independence since 1872. But Achin is a long way from Java, and Miss Scidmore only mentions it by the way. She finds the comforts of railway travel in Java far superior to those of British India, but complains not only of the dearth of its hotels, but of their primitive condition as well. Bath-rooms are rare in Java as in Holland, for the Dutchman, with all his cleanliness in home and street, has only recently taken to "tubbing." She talks with enthusiasm of the fruits of the country, and especially of the mangosteen, which "melts on the tongue with a touch of tart and a touch of sweet; one moment a memory of the juiciest, most fragrant apple, at another a remembrance of the smoothest cream ice—all the delights of nature's laboratory condensed in that ball of *neige parfumée*." Eve-like, she wonders "how it would be if the mangosteen were a dangerous or a forbidden fruit; if it were wicked or a little of a sin to eat it"; and we believe that she almost regretted that the crowning sweetness of the forbidden had not been added to

its delights. She gives a lucid explanation of "the culture system," now no longer in vogue, which enriched the treasury of Holland and ameliorated the lot of the natives, though it has been denounced as unjust and oppressive; she tells us that the children of officials and planters who have married native wives encounter no race or color prejudice, but are Europeans in the eyes of the law and society; and also that the government forbids Christian proselytizing of any kind among the mildly Mohammedan natives—a wise policy which has saved the colonial government endless trouble.

Miss Scidmore was not quite so favorably impressed by the Dutch in India as other travelers have been who visited them at home, but she scrupulously mentions every courtesy rendered, every kindness done. She devotes chapters to the coffee, tea, rice and quina culture, gives an excellent description of the famous Hindu temple of Boru Boeder, which surpasses in extent and magnificence anything to be seen in Egypt or India, and humorously tells of the splendors of the court of the Susunhan of Solo, a prince who still retains the outer form of semi-independence. The delights of life on a large plantation are drawn in glowing colors.

The book is full of information and of promise to the intending writer to Java. Whoever he is, he cannot do better than to take along this record of travel, and to follow its route. The persistent misspelling of Dutch words in English and American books is found also in these pages, and seems to be unavoidable. This blemish, however, will offend only Dutch readers. The illustrations are not only good to look upon: they are as correct as is the text.

"The Old Santa Fe Trail"

By Colonel Henry Inman. The Macmillan Co.

THIS VOLUME belongs to the class of histories which are not histories at all according to our present use of the word. To meet the requirements of the time, historians must have learning both wide and deep, and after they have thoroughly mastered a subject they should then proceed to detach themselves from it, as it were, in order to look down from a height of judicial impartiality. Colonel Inman does not lay claim to any place in this austere and responsible company, but on the other hand he is free of a far older brotherhood of chroniclers, which can boast of mighty chiefs like Herodotus and Marco Polo, and yet has room for every fighter and traveler who can tell a good story by a camp fire.

The book starts off in a fine old-fashioned way by an admiring dedication to "the Honorable William F. Cody," more familiarly if less respectfully known to us all as "Buffalo Bill," and to this tribute Col. Cody responds by an appreciative preface, so that we are at once reminded of the elaborate salute exchanged by veteranswordsmen at the beginning of a fencing bout. It is highly probable that the chapter which deals with the early history of the Far West would not stand scientific investigation, and more than once the gallant Colonel's memory, or his records, are somewhat devious and meandering, like the Old Trail itself, and yet if his work were more valuable it would lose much of its charm. He has, in the most liberal sense, grown up with the West, until it has become to him not only the most interesting, but the most important part of our country, and to do him justice, we must look at it through his eyes. The first impression as one reads is of an extreme remoteness which is yet close at hand. The soldiers of Coronado and Moscoso who looked wonderingly at the "great chains of mountains and forests to the west" in the middle of the sixteenth century, and the men who were the pioneers of our western civilization, after all had much in common. They were adventurers, often in every sense of the word,—carrying their lives always in their hands, and with so little to lose that gambling seemed like industry. We read of old trappers hunting the beaver from stream to stream, always on the alert against Indians, yet usually with a squaw for a wife, and then at the end of the season going

with their piles of skins to meet the agents of the fur companies and traders at some well-known "rendez vous," which was "a continuous scene of gambling, brawling and fighting so long as the improvident trapper's money lasted." The men who followed Cortez and De Soto would have felt quite at home in such a congenial company, and yet all this was still in full swing when Queen Victoria had already been reigning for ten years.

The chapters devoted to the old guides and scouts are naturally full of yarns, some of which are very characteristic. It is told that when "Old Jim Bridger" paid his first visit to St. Louis, which was then a relatively small place, he was found by a friend sitting on a dry-goods box in a narrow street, evidently deeply disgusted, the reason being, in his own words, that he had "been settin' in this infernal cañon ever since mornin', waitin' for someone to come along an' invite me to take a drink. Hundreds of fellers has passed both ways, but none of 'em has opened his head. I never seen such an unsociable crowd!" The same man was such an authority as to the intricate mazes of the Rocky Mountains, that the engineers of the Union Pacific Railway are said to have sent for him to come from St. Louis to Denver, in order that they might be sure of the most practicable pass across the range. The journey in the overland stage took a fortnight, and when he arrived and was informed what he was wanted for, he at once drew a rough sketch of the mountains with a bit of coal on a sheet of paper, making a cross at the spot across which the road afterward ran, and remarking with fine scorn that he could have told them that just as well at St. Louis, and saved them the cost of his journey. The author says that when he was a boy he longed to meet the famous Kit Carson, and always imagined him as about ten feet high, and carrying a rifle as heavy as the Bruce's sword, but when he met the frontiersman ten years later, he found a delicate, reticent, under-sized man, unlike the ideal in everything except his undoubted courage and coolness. The account of the buffalo is especially interesting, as there is probably no other instance of an animal which was almost incredibly numerous becoming practically extinct within a quarter of a century.

Altogether, Col. Inman's book may be recommended as a most entertaining admixture of fact and romance.

New Books by Well-Known Humorists

1. *Baboo Hurry Bungsho Jabberjee*, B. A. By F. Anstey. D. Appleton & Co.
2. *The Great Stone of Sardis*. By Frank R. Stockton. Harper & Bros.

MR. ANSTAY is a benefactor of his fellow-beings. His humor has given many an hour of healthful recuperation to busy workers, and made the world brighter with fun that is wholesome and genuine—fun, moreover, that loses nothing of its spontaneity on being read a second time. He has received the full measure of recognition therefor that is his due, and will, we venture to predict, continue to do so, as long as his gift retains its freshness. The fun of his new book (1) is a little late in coming: the first exploits of the bland and childlike Bengali law-student in London are not so amusing as those forming the bulk of the book; but the reader who keeps confidently on will find that the intrigue and its development are equally felicitous, and that the quality of the Baboo's English is in parts as delicious and naïve as are the genuine products of the native Anglo-Indian press that occasionally go the rounds of the English and American papers.

Baboo Hurry Bungsho Jabberjee, B. A., then, who is in London "for purposes of being crammed through Inns of Court and Law Exam.," gets into no end of trouble because he does not "condescend to deny" the assumption of his landlady's daughter, that at home he occupies the social status of a Rajah, "or some analogous kind of big native pot," whereas in reality he is the son of a humble native practitioner at the Calcutta bar. Consequently the young ladies

in the select boarding-house all call him "Prince"; and equally in consequence he finds himself invited to the house of the aristocratic Mrs. Allbutt-Innet, who dwells in Bayswater and has a charming daughter, Louisa-Gwendolen, by name, but called "Wee-Wee" by her family and intimates. The susceptible and bland Baboo falls a victim to her charms, and forgets, unhappily, that the boarding-house keeper's daughter has already inveigled him into an engagement. So, when he casts her off, she brings suit for breach of promise, and the defendant's report of the trial of this case forms an excellent climax to an enjoyable book. Interspersed with the account of his love-affair, Mr. Jabberjee gives us his views on picture-galleries, music-halls and a boxing contest at a sporting club, and tells his adventures while shooting in Scotland; for as an Indian Prince he is supposed to be a mighty Nimrod, an enthusiastic devotee of tiger and elephant hunts and pig sticking. He also prides himself upon his literary gifts—did he not communicate his story first to *Punch*?—and quotes himself again and again with great complacency.

Thus, when at Stratford he enters the room in which Shakespeare was born, he utters a remark which he had prepared for the occasion:—"It was here that the Swan of Avon was hatched." When he finds it difficult to break his engagement with the landlady's daughter, he justly observes that "a faint heart never got rid of a fair lady"; and when English disdain of the "black man" makes his blood boil, he warns the Government that "the worm in the bud, if nipped too severely, may blossom into a rather formidable serpent," which is almost good enough to be Irish. He addresses a Highlander in "the phraseologies of Masters Black, Barrie and Crockett, Esquires," and reaches the conclusion that "there is no longer a separate Scottish language," and that it is rather "the waggish invention of certain audacious Scottishers, who have taken advantage of the insular ignorance and credulity of the British public." We will add that the portraits of Mr. Jabberjee given in the book may be confidently accepted as excellent likenesses.

The chronicler of the domestic arrangements at "Rudder Grange," of "The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine" and the search for "The Dusantes" does not maintain his reputation with his latest production (2). This story of the year 1947 contains undoubtedly some clever inventions, but on the whole does not show Mr. Stockton's brilliantly whimsical imagination at its best. His prophecy of a reaction to follow the wave of discoveries and improvements that distinguishes the close of this century, and of a return from the breathless hurry of these days to the calm, contemplative life of an older generation, will recommend itself to all close observers; but the rush of renewed activity to follow this period of quiescence, which forms the subject of this book, is not sufficiently interesting to carry the reader from cover to cover at one sitting, as he is used to be carried through Mr. Stockton's books. To be sure, his inventions have been worked out with minute attention to details and a captivating air of probability, but, unhappily, they invite a direct comparison with the work of Jules Verne, whose Captain Nemo visited the South Pole in a submarine boat many years ago, while others of his characters made a "Voyage au Centre de la Terre," at an equally distant period, and the result is not in favor of Mr. Stockton's tale. It is very reasonable, and would probably be considered a creditable achievement for a less known author, but as the product of Mr. Stockton, it is a disappointment.

"Chronicles of Tarrytown and Sleepy Hollow"

By Edgar M. Bacon. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

MR. BACON, having qualified himself for this sort of thing by preparing a most interesting volume of Walks about Boston, takes us for a pleasant ramble through Tarrytown, Sleepy Hollow and thereabouts, giving a great deal of local history, chiefly of the Revolutionary period. There are few places in the country

where the chronicler would find a richer mass of material; for the names of some of the most conspicuous actors in the Revolution are associated with this neighborhood. The Old Dutch Church at Sleepy Hollow had some notable pastors, none more so than the Rev. Abel T. Stewart, who was in Tarrytown when a band of rioters was reported to be approaching the village. Mr. Stewart, with only one companion, Capt. Oscar Jones, met the rioters and reasoned with them so successfully that he induced them to turn back. But the people of Tarrytown discovered that, in addressing the rioters, he had called them "My friends," and their indignation ran so high that they could see no bravery nor goodness in the man. Mr. Bacon has tried to show Tarrytown as it used to be, giving an account of the different homesteads and famous houses, their situation, and ownership, and there are several illustrations of old and new places of interest. Of course, Washington Irving is not forgotten, and there is a picture of Sunnyside with a chapter on the author and his life there.

"The Rubáiyát of Doc Sifers"

By James Whitcomb Riley. The Century Co.

"THE RUBÁIYÁT of Omar Kháyyám" are the stanzas in which Omar sings of life, and love, and death. To call the stanzas in which Mr. Riley sings of a village doctor, "The Rubáiyát of Doc Sifers," shows a complete misunderstanding of the significance of the title of the Persian poet's book. It serves, however, to reveal the Hoosier dialect poet as an admirer of the Oriental tent-maker, and brings together two names which, otherwise, one would have thought the least likely to be coupled; for the imaginative, melancholy, musical guesses at the riddle of existence that form the staple of the real "Rubáiyát," are as far removed as possible from the homely verses of the American.

This obvious criticism excepted, there is nothing to be said of Mr. Riley's new book save in the way of praise. It brings before us, in a hundred four line stanzas, a typical American character—the simple-minded, old-fashioned, unselfish country physician, whose cheerfulness, honesty and commonsense do as much as his skill in the healing and preventive arts, to keep the villagers free from ill humors, whether of the blood or the mind. A lover of children and of animals; a patient angler and unerring shot, at home in the canoe as in the saddle; quick to detect—and to forgive—the malefactor, and always ready to champion the wrongfully accused; so good-natured that his vote goes to the first candidate who comes for it on election morning; orthodox in faith and charitable in practice,—the good old Doctor on his daily rounds in summer heat and wintry storm is set before us in a roseate atmosphere, but none too flattering, as many of us can attest. Mr. Riley is a master of narrative verse, as well as of the dialect with which he has made his many readers so familiar; and the poem in which he celebrates, with his wonted simplicity and humor, a lovable and well-known type—essentially the same in all civilized countrys—is likely to make a good race for first place in popularity among his dozen or so of books.

The poet is happy in having found so sympathetic and skilled an illustrator as Mr. Relyea. Nothing could be better in its way than his profuse pictorial comment on the text.

"An American Emperor"

IF ANY industrious German quill-driver is meditating a work in fifty volumes on the Melodramatic in Literature, let us commend to his notice "An American Emperor," by Louis Tracy. The hero, Mr. Jerome Vansittart, starts in life as a mere millionaire. He falls in love with a lady who possesses the Bourbon nose, and whose manners, we are told, have all the delicacy and refinement of the old régime. She repels the millionaire's advances; but he, being an American, is nothing daunted. He becomes her landlord by purchase of the "flat" in which she dwells, and insists on re-furnishing it. But he is given to understand that he cannot buy love with upholstery. What is needed is a royal or an imperial crown. Therefore he departs to Paris, and organizes a company to flood the Sahara and make the borders of the great desert blossom like the rose. Political intriguers try to ruin his plans, but Montmartre and Belleville are with him, and with the aid of Arizona Jim and other serviceable persons whom he has picked up cheap, he turns out the administration and has himself proclaimed emperor. As at an East-side theatre, you pay your money, and are thrilled or convulsed with merriment according to your choice. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Charades and Enigmas

"THE GREEN GUESS BOOK," by Susan Hayes Ward and Mary L. McL. Watson, contains 104 charades and enigmas, which for wit and ingenuity are hardly inferior to Bellamy's or Miss Wells's, though perhaps not so facile and felicitous in versification. They will afford much pleasant amusement for young and old of a winter evening. The first of the series is a fair sample of the lot, and we will let the reader guess it:—

"Men use my first for travel or for show,
Favored above the rest who wish to go;
The Greeks kept theirs, died for it, son and brother;
We yield ours lightly,—we can get another.
Not every mortal can attain my last,
Though toward it each is speeding overfast,
Hoping, the while, a happy whole to gain
Safe to the land that's free from woe and pain."

The answers are given at the end of the book, and can be got by cutting a leaf, but we hope that the reader will exercise his wit thoroughly before resorting to the paper-knife. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

"In Indian Tents"

Stories Told by Penobscot, Passamaquoddy and Micmac Indians to Abby L. Alger. Roberts Bros.

THE twenty-three short stories which fill the hundred and forty pages of this volume were collected from aboriginal sources by Miss Alger. Her fitness to undertake this task is guaranteed by her previous work in the same line with Mr. Charles G. Leland, to whom she inscribes the present volume. His "Algonquin Legends of New England" owes, indeed, quite a number of its stories to the collections of Miss Alger. They all belong to familiar Algonquin legendary cycles, and there is scarcely one that may not be paralleled from the pages of Rand's "Legends of the Micmacs," or the works of Nicolai, Schoolcraft, etc. This does not diminish their value to the archaeologist or their interest to the general reader, as some of the versions given by Miss Alger are quite new and all are well told. Many remind one of Old-World fairy lore, as that of the beauteous Ulske, who was in love with a loathsome dragon. There is often evidence of slight European coloring, as in the creation legend; but in the main the aboriginal elements are excellently preserved. Several of them refer to the exploits of the famed mythical hero Gluskabé, who is so prominent in the stories of Rand and Nicolai. He was not "the Indian God," as Miss Alger says, but their hero-god, corresponding to the Manibozho of the western Indians, and generally distinguished from the higher and impersonal Manito. The volume is a pleasant addition to folk-lore literature.

"Tales of the Real Gypsy"

THE GYPSY, it is said, is entering a new lease of life here in America, and he certainly appears to be taking hold on our literature. Mrs. Pennell, who, we believe, claims to be of the blood, has written delightfully about him; Miss Guiney has taken the title of her entertaining book of essays out of his vocabulary; and now comes Mr. Paul Kester with a volume of "Tales of the Real Gypsy," the result of many casual foregatherings with this peculiar people. Mr. Kester seems to have made himself a sort of special providence unto the Romany. Is a *chavie* (in American slang "shaver," in English, child) sick, he goes for the *drabengro*, that is to say, the doctor. Is an old witch *staraben apople*, "in prison again," he exercises his political "pull" to get her out. He is well received in the tents and the vans of the Hearnys and the Coopers; and, over the blazing *yog*, they *rakker* their *lils* to him and make the *bosh* sing like the *Rikkono chelikos*, which is much the same as to say that they tell stories and play bird songs on the fiddle about the camp-fire. Mr. Kester is an admirable reporter; but he has caught the trick from Barrow of parading his slight knowledge of the Gypsy tongue so frequently that it becomes tiresome. Spite of this one fault, however, there is none of his stories that is not worth reading. (Doubleday & McClure Co.)

"A Forest Orchid"

THIS IS THE title of the second volume of short stories of the Pacific northwest put forth by Mrs. Ella Higginson during the last few months. As compared with "From the Land of the Snow Pearls," these tales have more of nature and less, perhaps, of art. They come nearer to that adequate expression of the mighty forests of Washington and the adjoining human nature, which is the writer's worthy ambition, than did the former collection, but they

seem less carefully finished and cruder in style. Mrs. Higginson's themes are always adequate and striking. As yet her treatment frequently falls below her subject, but this is a fault that can be mended. There is no failure in the force and interest of her tales. For full enjoyment, the stories in the present volume should be read separately and with a due interval between them, for they have certain family resemblances that make the collection seem not well-assorted. "Euphemy" is a capital story, but the deprecating, hungry hearted heroine is the same type of girl nature that is also represented in "The Pity of It" and "Belindy's One Beau." Of all the stories, "The Light that Came to Abraham" comes nearest conveying to the reader the exact impression that was in the author's mind. It is a subtle and delicate sketch, inspiring one to believe that its author can do finer things than she has yet achieved. (The Macmillan Co.)

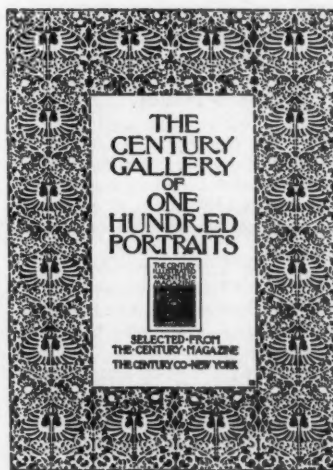
"Danish Arctic Expeditions"

THE HAKLUYT SOCIETY, of which Sir Clements Markham is the president and Messrs. Morton, Bliss & Co. the American representatives, continue issuing their azure-covered volumes, telling of the heroes of discovery and exploration who in previous centuries unveiled continents and contributed so greatly to the making of geographies. While Nansen, Peary and Andrée keep alive our interest in the ice-girt pole, with its alluring mysteries and warning menace, it is well to see what was done by these brave pioneers. The two new volumes now in hand tell of Capt. James Hall's voyages to Greenland, 1605-12, and of those of Capt. Jens Munk to Hudson's Bay, in search of a northwest passage, in 1609-20. The original manuscripts have been edited, and the introduction and notes, which are of high interest, are furnished by Mr. C. C. A. Gosch. In looking over these narratives, replete with scientific interest and stirring incident, we can see that the plan of very small ships and crews, like the Fram with Nansen's company, or small land expeditions of three or four men, is very much of a return to old ideas; for these seventeenth-century explorers went out in small vessels, and were few in number. In those days, either the Esquimos were very "subtle" and alert, or else gunpowder burned more slowly than it does now, for they could see the flash of the white men's guns and hide behind the rocks from their bullets. Sometimes the Esquimo dogs were accidentally shot for black foxes. The editor shows his acquaintance with the general and technical literature of the period before and during which these narratives were written; and maps, index and other appurtenances are praiseworthy for their fullness and the care shown in their preparation. (London: Bernard Quaritch.)

"The Century Gallery"

WE HAVE RECEIVED from the publishers a copy of "The Century Gallery of One Hundred Portraits." The Century has long been famous for its reproductions of portraits of famous

authors and painters, statesmen and soldiers, actors, musicians and artists of every kind. It has found the best originals, and caused them to be engraved by burins so skilled as those of Cole, Johnson, Closson, Kruell, etc.; and now it has gathered together the best hundred of the many hundreds it has published from year to year, printed them on plate paper measuring nearly ten by more than thirteen inches, and bound them in a handsome cover, and put them on the market at \$7.50—the price of any one plate, if ordered singly, being \$2. At present the "Gallery" is to be had only in connection with the magazine;



and The Critic Co. now offers to send *The Critic* for one year, *The Century* for one year, and the "Gallery"—new subscriptions or renewals—all three to different addresses, if desired, and without charge for delivery anywhere in the United States,—on receipt of \$7.50. (The Critic Co., 287 Fourth Ave, New York.)

"Old Creole Days"

MR. ALBERT HERTER'S illustrations to Cable's masterpiece, "Old Creole Days," are an excellent beginning in illustration. Mr. Herter, who, for some years past, has been pretty well known as a painter of flowers and of Japanese fancies, shows here a real understanding of Creole character and of the Southern picturesque. The ladies on the balcony in the frontispiece, the pretty waitress of the *Café des Exilés*, the *belles demoiselles* of the famous plantation named from them, show that Mr. Herter is happiest when he has pretty women for models. But his illustrations to "Posson Jones" and "Jean-ah Poquelin" are not far behind these. All the illustrations, whether printed in the text or separately, are from photogravure plates. The paper is vastly better than what is now ordinarily used even in expensive books, and there is a pretty cover design of magnolia blossoms. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

Goldsmith's Comedies

MR. CHRIS. HAMMOND has surpassed himself in his illustrations to "Goldsmith's Comedies." The rascally servants who remind Hardcastle of his famous story of Old Grouse in the Gun-Room are a study in slyness; and Mrs. Hardcastle in the scene with Hastings is the perfection of the coquettish dame of forty. Unhappily, Miss Hardcastle is not at all the arch and charming creature that she is in the play, and the artist has made our old friend Tony Lumpkin unrecognizable. Croaker and Honeywood in "The Good-natured Man" are, however, admirable, and the illustrations are, altogether, perhaps the best that have been made to the two comedies. Mr. Joseph Jacobs, who is becoming a literary man of all work, has furnished the introduction. (Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

A Dramatic Critic as Novelist

M. JULES CLARETIE of the French Academy, the well-known critic and playwright, has recently made a successful venture in fiction. The result is two sensational novels, which have been translated into English under the titles of "Brichanteau, Actor" and "The Crime of the Boulevard." The latter is an analytical and psychological detective story after the model of Gaboriau, Green and Doyle. The new Lecocq is a humble police officer named Bernardet, a sort of human ferret, who hunts out criminals through the gray fogs of Parisian nights. The dramatic intensity of the scenes in court are happily relieved by pictures of the sweet home life of the spy with his wife and lively daughters. The plot—quite an ingenious and original one—hinges on the discovery of a murderer by photographing the features of a man as they appear on the retina of a dead man's eyes. Such a feat is scientifically impossible, but is susceptible of strong literary treatment. When this clew is about to prove fatal to the best friend of the murdered man, the real assassin is skilfully trapped by a Socratic dialogue in which he confesses having sold the portrait photographed by his dying victim's eyes. Mrs. Kingsbury has conscientiously performed her task as translator, but in many passages has failed to render the idiomatic grace and finish of the original. (R. F. Fenno & Co.)

The Foreign Illustrated Weeklies

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBERS of the foreign illustrated weeklies are gorgeous in all the colors of the rainbow; *The Figaro* especially, which is illustrated in colors throughout, and has a sentimental young lady in the costume of the Directory on its title-page, and two supplementary typogravures in colors, of a size and character suitable for framing. The reading-matter is varied, but with a preponderance of the legendary. "The Jester" is a tale of the Middle Ages in Hungary, with illustrations by Mucha; Adrien Moreau illustrates a love story by René Maiseroy; and L. Kowalsky, who seems to have made a close study of London types, a story of a good-natured Englishman by Jules Claretie. A charming idyl of the Aveyron, "The Death of the Naiad," by Emile Pouillon, is accompanied by very pretty pictures by Laurent-Dessources.

The Christmas *Graphic* also prints many colored illustrations in the text, and has large color plates of a pretty "Shepherdess" after Luke Fildes, and a pictorial solution of the race question in Africa, by W. Small, which will please all right minded people who love pictures and picaninies. There are several pages of humorous drawings of fox-hunting, coaching and the other good old standbys. The stories are "The Star," by H. G. Wells; "Genefer," by S. Baring-Gould; "Unser Karl," by Bret Harte; "Hunt, the Owl," by Stanley J. Weyman; and "The Bull

of Earlstown," by S. R. Crockett, most of them excellently illustrated in colors.

The Illustrated London News is almost all pictures, in black and white, mainly; but it contains a clever East Indian story, "The Shabash Wallah," by Mrs. Flora Annie Steel, a tale by Bret Harte, "Uncle Jim" and "Uncle Billy"; and "Toto: a True Story" of a dog, by Ouida. *The Ladies' Pictorial* and *The Illustrated London News* give each a large and handsome color-painting, and the latter is full of interesting stories, abundantly illustrated in black and white.

The Christmas number of *The Sketch* is entertaining and full of good stories and lively pictures. Miss Mary E. Wilkins is among the contributors of fiction. The editor of *The Sketch*, who is also the editor of other well-known periodicals, keeps his eye upon American as well as English fiction-writers, and is always alert to secure anything striking from this side of the water.

Books for the Young

MRS. JEANIE GOULD LINCOLN has written another charming book which will add to the circle of her young friends. "An Unwilling Maid" is a beautiful story of love and adventure during the Revolution. The motive is to show that love scoffs at both Whig and Tory. A young captain in a scarlet coat loves the daughter of a patriot general, and her heart becomes the battleground between loyalty and love. There is a sufficient number of spies, secrets, captures and escapes to satisfy the most exacting youngster. The author has filled the foreground of her romance with the forms of pretty maids working samplers or dancing the minuet with young officers. We hear in the distance echoes of the war, and get glimpses here and there of the figures of Tarleton and Washington. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

"THE SECOND BOOK of Nursery Rhymes," set to music by Joseph S. Moorat and decorated with pictures and borders by Paul Woodroffe, will delight the most luxurious of children, who, to be perfectly happy, require rough paper, illuminated covers and artistic designs printed at the Ruskin House. In his most attractive manner Mr. Woodroffe has decorated "A Song of Sixpence," "In Fir Tar Is," "The Lion and the Unicorn" and other ancient ditties, with borders of blue-bells, and little pigs and Tudor lions. The decorator does not omit the saving element of humor, and his arabesques are none the less graceful on that account. There is an interesting preface by Theo. Marzials. (Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

Exhumed Literary Treasures

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

THE new department of the Egypt Exploration Fund, the Graeco-Roman Branch, has in hand the translation and publication of the archaeological and literary treasures found by its explorers last spring. The initial volume of 300 pages quarto, illustrated with *facsimiles* from the papyri, will include a fragment of the second or third century, containing most of the first chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel; a leaf containing the Acts of St. Paul and Thecla; portions of a Sapphic poem, probably by Sappho; fragments of Sophocles's *Oedipus Tyrannus*, of Plato's Republic, of Xenophon's Hellenica, of Isocrates and Demosthenes, and of a lost comedy—about 50 lines; a part of an important treatise on metre—perhaps by Aristoxenus, the chief early authority on metre; much of a chronological work, with dates from 356 to 316 B.C.; a lengthy proclamation by Flavianus Titianus, prefect of Egypt under Hadrian; an interview between the Emperor Marcus Aurelius and a magistrate of Alexandria; a roll giving a list of the quarters and streets of Oxyrhynchus, and of their guards, in the fourth century, A.D. And perhaps the portion of Thucydides, of the first century, just found.

The oldest Gospel text and the oldest text of the great Greek historian illustrate what wealth lies hidden in such heaps of papyri—286 boxes of which are now in England. But we must appeal to institutions and literary people for support. For only \$5 the subscriber will receive the volume, our illustrated "Archaeological Report," the annual report, with subscriptions, etc. Patrons contribute \$25. Circulars to be had from Mrs. Marie N. Buckman, Secretary, 59 Temple Street, or the Rev. W. C. Winslow, Honorary Secretary, 525 Beacon Street, Boston. Checks payable to Francis C. Foster, Honorary Treasurer. The honorary officials gladly give their services in such a cause.

BOSTON, 10 Dec. 1897.

W. C. W.

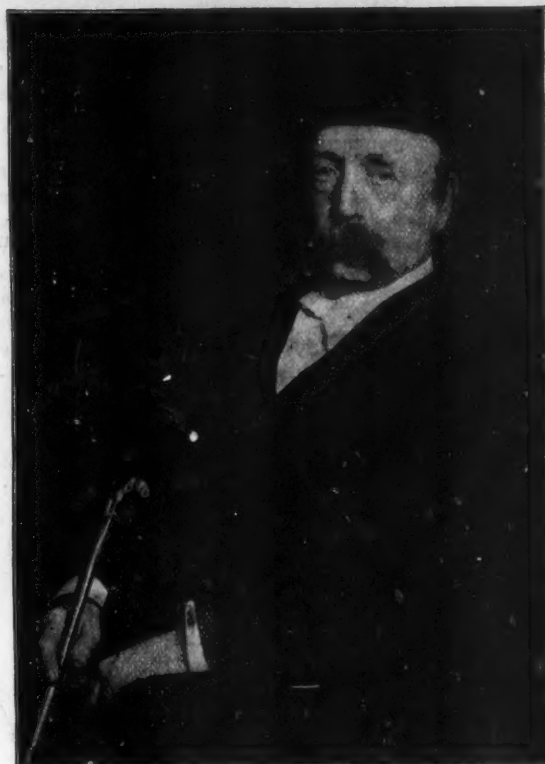
The Lounger

THE AUTHORS' READINGS given at Chickering Hall last week proved that authors may be good readers of their own writings—and that they may not. Dr. Van Dyke, who read a story called "The First Christmas Tree," is used to public speaking, so his voice was heard in every corner of the room; but some of the ladies, who are unaccustomed to large halls, could scarcely be heard beyond the first few rows of seats. Dr. Weir Mitchell may be said to have carried off the honors of the evening. He announced that he was not used to speaking in so large a hall, but we should never have suspected it, if he had not taken us into his confidence. His voice was full and strong and filled the remotest corner of the hall. He read from his popular story "Hugh Wynne" the account of his hero's visit to Major André—a most striking and picturesque chapter, that held the closest attention of the audience. Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster read her familiar poem, "The Old Sampler," in a pleasant, sympathetic voice, not quite large enough, however, for so large a hall. The arduous duties of the evening fell to the lot of Mr. John Kendrick Bangs, who kindly took upon his shoulders the labors of chairman in the absence of Prof. Brander Matthews, whose physician had forbidden him to go out at night. Mrs. Sherwood was absent for the same reason. Mr. Bangs had a fine opportunity to get in some good jokes on his friends and on himself, and he made the most of it.

I AM HAPPY to say that the readings, which were for the benefit of a most worthy organization, the Booksellers' and Stationers' Provident Association of the United States, added a goodly sum of money to a sadly depleted treasury; for death has been making heavy inroads in the membership, and when one member dies the others put their hands deep down in their pockets to help the bereaved family.

A WORD of praise is due the *Times* for its "Saturday Review of Books and Art" on Dec. 11. There were twenty-four pages in this supplement, to which Prof. Harry Thurston Peck, and Messrs. H. W. Mabie, Charles de Kay, Barrett Wendell and Noah Brooks contributed. Prof. Peck's article was on "Automatic Authorship," and in it he said many things worth saying. He called special attention to the work of that destroying fiend, Over-Production, which has killed many a good writer. Mr. S. R. Crockett, Mr. W. E. Norris and Mr. Du Maurier are cited as cases in point. The latter does not seem to me to be a fair illustration of the writer who has written himself out. "The Martian" is not equal to "Trilby" in charm or as a story, but who shall say that if Du Maurier had lived longer he might not have done more work as good as his best? Three novels are not many for a man to have written in the course of six or eight years. Mr. Crockett, I admit, is a warning to all such authors as are tempted to sell their work years before it is written. It must be remembered, however, that Mr. Crockett is a man of exceptional physique, to whom work is little more than play. He has simply overestimated his brain power and undertaken more than any brains could do well. I imagine that enthusiasm for his work, together with over-confidence in his powers of endurance, rather than greed, has been Mr. Crockett's undoing.

ON THE SIDE of restraint in writing fiction, look at Mme. Sarah Grand. She let several years pass between the publication of "The Heavenly Twins" and "The Beth Book," and what has been the result? There are no signs of haste in the latter story, but there are signs of other things quite as depressing.



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE CRITIC

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DR. CHARLES CONRAD ABBOTT

DR. ABBOTT'S old farm at Trenton is not very far from my country home at Bordentown, yet I have never had the pleasure of seeing him there, as Mr. Ingersoll has, who describes the place on another page. But I know the naturalist well, and can vouch for the excellence of this likeness.

THE *Evening Post* prints a long dispatch from Washington, in reply to my recent comments on the dropping of Mr. Aiken from the position of Supervising Architect of the Treasury, and the holding, some time after, of a competitive examination, the result of which was the appointment of the man who stood second on the list, but who, unlike Mr. Aiken, was "a good Republican." Mr. Aiken so far as any outsider could know, had made an excellent record, and no reasons had been given for asking him to resign. If the Secretary of the Treasury had assigned any reason for his act, it might have averted criticism; and if he had afterwards promoted the chief draughtsman in the architect's office, the promotion would have been in consonance with the spirit of civil service reform. But to go to the trouble of holding a competitive examination, and then to give the place to the chief draughtsman, who didn't pass first, and probably owed his coming out second to his familiarity with the work of the office, appeared to me and to others to be a rather roundabout way of getting at a result by no means bad in itself.

THE CORRESPONDENT'S GRATUITOUS intimation that I had paid too much heed to "petty gossip," or had listened to the disappointed competitors, flies very wide of the mark. It was from either the *Post's* or the *Tribune's* Washington correspondence (I think the *Post's*) that I learned that the new Supervising Architect was a Republican; this was the only "gossip" I had heard in that connection. And while I have long been acquainted with Mr.

Constable and Mr. Huss, I did not know till after it was over that either of these gentlemen had entered the competition, and I have neither met nor communicated, directly or indirectly, with one or the other of them since it was decided. I merely stated the case as it presented itself to an outsider. Certainly I was actuated by no desire to reflect upon the methods or motives of the Civil Service Commissioner, whose Chairman I have long counted as a personal friend and a man in every way above suspicion. I am quite willing, also, to credit Mr. Gage with the best intentions in the matter. It appears to be quite clear that Mr. Taylor is by no means a political partisan, and he has clearly demonstrated his competence as an architect. And I am glad that while my own attitude in this connection has been called into question, the result has been to elicit so full and satisfactory a statement of the case from a person so well qualified to explain it as the *Post's* representative in Washington.

"DEAR LOUNGER," writes a poet whom the critics have not sought to slay:—"Apropos of your suggestive paragraph about Mr. Watson, may I offer the following?"

No, no, stout *Quarterly*—'tis otherwise
Than when Endymion sank beneath your blows,
And a new Evening Star shone in the skies!
For poets now are critics' well-matched foes,
And any day may 'gainst Goliath rise!—
Even now, a little David comes? who knows?"

MR. JOHN D. BARRY, in his interesting letter to *The Literary World*, says that "for several years it has seemed to be the fashion among the paragraphers to speak sneeringly of his [Mr. Howells's] novels." I wonder if Mr. Barry is right? I have never noticed this sneer at Mr. Howells's novels. It is only when he wings his flight into Altruria that his work is, perhaps, not received with the seriousness that it deserves. Even then it is with a smile rather than a sneer that the "paragrapher" writes. We are too fond of Mr. Howells and too proud of his accomplishment as a writer of fiction to sneer at anything he may do. No, Mr. Barry has used the wrong word.

IN THE SAME LETTER Mr. Barry tells us that Mr. Howells is now settled again at the Dalhousie, in Fifty-ninth Street opposite the Park, where for several years he had an apartment. He is greatly improved in health, and hard at work on a new novel.

"Mr. Howells is supposed to be a voluminous writer; but, as a matter of fact, in a given time he writes much less than many of our authors do. He is able to accomplish a great deal because he works steadily and systematically. He goes to his desk at ten o'clock in the morning and he leaves it for good at one. In the afternoon he takes a long walk in town, usually through the poorer districts on the east side, which have a great fascination for him."

A DEALER in second-hand literature in West Twenty-third Street displays this legend, written on a bit of cardboard, on a pile of magazines at his door:—"Magazines four cents; more inside." I wonder if he thinks that people are going to pay more for the privilege of going inside; for that is certainly the way that most of the passers-by will interpret his meaning.

THE ILLUSTRATOR who is attracting the most attention in London to-day is Mr. William Nicholson. I have the honor to present his portrait herewith, done by his own hand. It is taken by the kind permission of Mr. R. H. Russell from the Nicholson "Alphabet," of which he is the publisher. There have been no



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more artistic books published this year than the two volumes of Mr. Nicholson's work, the "Alphabet" and "An Almanac of Twelve Sports," the latter with Mr. Kipling's verses. The lines are not remarkable in any way, but they show Mr. Kipling in a new rôle, and Mr. Kipling in any rôle is sure to be interesting. Mr. Nicholson's illustrations, which are printed in color, are very effective. I sincerely hope that this unique illustrator will not have a host of imitators, now that his success is established. Imitation Nicholson would be intolerable.

APROPOS of recent rumors, Mark Twain has written a letter to a friend in Hartford from which I am permitted to make the following extract:—"The possible reports are nearly all in. It has been reported that I was seriously ill—it was another man; dying—it was another man; dead—the other man again. It has been reported that I have received a legacy—it was another man; that I am out of debt—it was another man; and now comes this \$82,000—still another man. It has been reported that I am writing books—for publication; I am not doing anything of the kind. It would surprise and gratify me if I should be able to get another book ready for the press within the next three years. You can see yourself that there isn't anything else to be reported—invention is exhausted. Therefore, don't worry Bliss—the long night is breaking. As far as I can see, nothing remains to be reported except that I have become a foreigner. When you hear it, don't you believe it, and don't take the trouble to deny it. Merely raise the American flag on our house in Hartford and let it talk."

THE TYPEWRITER has received an unusual compliment in the English edition of Mark Twain's new book—there known, not as "Following the Equator," but as "More Tramps Abroad." For beneath the copyright notice on one of the fly-leaves, appears this legend

TYPEWRITTEN BY
CLARA A. NICHOLS
c/o MRS. ROSS
8 OLD JEWRY, LONDON, E. C.

If the book itself were typewritten, this credit would seem more appropriate; or if the author's handwriting were modelled on Horace Greeley's; but the printing was done by Messrs. Spottiswoode, and Mark Twain's manuscript is as clear as the headline of a newspaper. Far be it from me, however, to grudge the painstaking typewriter her modest meed of recognition. The

English edition of this book, by the way, is a small, unillustrated, narrow-margined volume; the American is large and lavishly illustrated, and published by subscription only.

THE COVER DESIGN for "Following the Equator" was made by Mr. F. Berkeley Smith, son of Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith. His first effort in this direction, we believe, was the cover for his father's story, "Tom Grogan."

"MLLE. MARK TWAIN" is what *Figaro*, of Paris, calls the daughter of Mr. S. L. Clemens, who is studying music in Vienna, announcing that the "very beautiful voice of this fascinating young girl of eighteen will one day make her as famous on the stage as her father is in letters." This is very kind and complimentary on the part of *Figaro*, but it would be more to the point if Miss Clemens were a singer. On the contrary, she is a pianist, and has gone to Germany for the purpose of studying with the famous teacher Leschetitzky, as already mentioned in this column.

IT IS PROPOSED to build a Phillips Brooks Memorial at Harvard. The matter is already so well under way that \$50,000 has been raised and a plot of ground given for the purpose in the north west corner of the college grounds. According to the *Crimson*, the official paper of the University, "the building will be in line with Holworthy and parallel to Holden Chapel. The architectural design will harmonize with the surrounding buildings. The memorial is to be the centre not merely of intellectual instruction, but of general hospitable influences." It has been suggested that a bust of Bishop Brooks "would add greatly in impressing on the minds of visitors the original object of the building, and in bringing to their memory his heartfelt sympathy and depth of interest in every branch of student life." The undergraduate could hardly have a worthier example of American manhood brought to his mind than that exemplified in the character of Phillips Brooks.

A MOST WORTHY MEMORIAL in Boston is that of the late Miss Anna Eliot Ticknor. The Anna Ticknor Library Association, with its headquarters in Trinity Court, has just published a memorial of its founder, in which her many good works are recorded for the betterment of mankind. Miss Ticknor, who was seventy years old at the time of her death, just a year ago, was fifty when she undertook the great work of her life. Brought up in an atmosphere of literature, her father being not only a professor of modern languages at Harvard, but the historian of Spanish literature as well, it was not strange that her tastes and talents should run toward books. Her plan was not altogether unlike that of the Chautauqua Circle; it was for the education, by correspondence, of those who were far removed from the centres of learning. She began by doing all the work herself, and ended with a staff of over two hundred volunteer assistants. The students of this "Silent University," as it has been called, number several thousands. They pay \$3 a year tuition fee, and for this modest sum are entitled to all the privileges of the Association. The following officers have just been chosen:—Executive Board, Managers, Miss Katherine P. Loring, *Pride's Crossing*, Mass.; Miss Mary E. Goodwin, *Jamaica Plain*; Chairman of Advisory Board, Miss Lucy E. Keeler, *Freemont*, O.; Advisory Board, Miss Alice G. Chandler, *Lancaster*; Miss Mary Newhall, *Philadelphia*; Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, *Cambridge*; Miss Mary L. Southworth, *Cleveland*; Mrs. A. R. Willard, *Boston*; Secretary, Miss Mary Morison, *Boston*; Treasurer, Mrs. Ellen H. Richards, *Boston*; Librarian, Miss Lucy B. Heywood.



PHOTOGRAPH BY HARDY, BOSTON

DR. EDWARD EVERETT HALE

Dr. Hale at the Aldine Club

AS ANNOUNCED in last week's *Critic*, Dr. Edward Everett Hale was the guest of honor at a dinner given by the Aldine Club on Tuesday evening last. Mr. R. W. Gilder presided, and among the guests were Bishop Potter, Mr. W. D. Howells, Mr. Paul Leicester Ford, Col. George E. Waring and the Rev. Dr. Henry M. Field. Regrets were received from Messrs. Edmund Clarence Stedman, Carl Schurz and Seth Low, Senator Hoar, Prof. Woodrow Wilson, President Gilman of Johns Hopkins and President Patton of Princeton. The decorations were as beautiful and tasteful as they always are at the Aldine dinners. The menu cards bore on their face an etched portrait of Dr. Hale, and, inside, these lines of his:—

"Look up and not down,
Look forward and not back,
Look out and not in:
Lend a hand!"

After telling a number of good stories, to the great amusement of his hearers, Dr. Hale spoke (without naming it) of his famous short story, "The Man Without a Country," which stood at the head of the prize-winning list of the best twelve American short stories, published in these columns on 10 April 1897. "That story," he said, "was based on a letter written from a United States frigate. I took pains to use the name of a frigate that had been at the bottom of the sea for fifteen years. I had to give it a latitude and longitude, and I was careful to place it on top of the Andes. I took occasion to read up on the doings of our navy for the year in which the incidents described occurred, so that I might avoid using the name of any officer or vessel actually in service at that time. That was for the purpose of keeping fiction and fact separate. The trouble is that too often, as a distinguished writer has said, 'the history spoils the story and the story spoils the history.' Hence, some of our historical novels are very poor—as mine are. My own rule is to be sure that your historical facts are correct as far as they go, but let your imaginary characters float free."

Dr. Hale said that, thanks to a good constitution, going to bed early, and not worrying, he was the survival of a time when American authors had to get their books printed in England, because they could not get them printed well here. "And I would

say to the gentlemen of the press, that if they want to write a good protection editorial in the morning, let them say that no nation can have a literature that can't print its own books in its own country."

Dr. Potter good-humoredly twitted Dr. Hale for referring to him as "Bishop Lawrence," characterizing the slip as an instance of "the condescension of our friends from Boston." "We may not be the Athens of America," he declared, "but we have a Bishop of our own." The distinction of Dr. Hale's life, the Bishop said, was that he believed everything good. "The quality of leadership has always exhibited itself in him," he said. "He has always struck a high and fine note. He has touched the best in human nature. In the highest orthodoxy, the orthodoxy of the love of man and the love of God, I am glad to count myself his follower."

Mr. Howells declared that the greatest distinction that could be claimed for Dr. Hale was his character as a great citizen, manifested through his manifold civic and social activities, and above all in the patriotic quality of his imagination. "This quality," Mr. Howells said, "was solely his. He had a sympathy with humanity that was prophetic. In all the vast range of his work he was always an artist in his ethics and a moralist in his art. His work was pre-eminently religious."

Mr. Ford, in addition to paying a tribute to the guest of the evening, attacked the authors and publishers of the day for unprofessional practices, particularizing the instance of a recent popular novel which had been published with several chapters suppressed in a magazine, and afterward issued in book form by the same house with the omitted portions restored.

Mr. Noah Brooks, Col. George E. Waring, and others spoke, and it was well after midnight when the symposium came to an end. Dr. Hale had his photograph taken for *The Critic* on Tuesday morning, and went to Philadelphia on Wednesday.

"The American Ambassador."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC:

"Old Style," of Bar Harbor, finds fault, in your columns, with Excellency for the "American (*sic*) Ambassador at London," and speaks of the "Ambassador at the Court of St. James (*sic*)." But why "American Ambassador"? Why, also, "Court of St. James"?

RICHMOND, 2 NOV. 1897.

ANOTHER OLD STYLER.

[I suppose we may be permitted, "unofficially," as Senator Porter used to say, to refer to the chief diplomatic representative of the United States in England as "The American Ambassador. The official title of the establishment in London, of which Colonel Hay is now the chief, is "The American Embassy." (See the printed and engraved stationery of said establishment.) Logically, the chief officer of the American Embassy is the American Ambassador.

"Another Old Styler" will have to look into English history if he wants to know why the English still keep up the fiction that the royal residence is at St. James's Palace, London. As a matter of fact, the official title of the English Court, so far as it is made known to other nations, is that above given. Diplomatic representatives of other nations, accredited to the ruler of Great Britain, Ireland, etc., are accredited to the sovereign, not to the government; and the residence of that sovereign, according to the aforesaid fiction, is not Balmoral, Windsor Castle, or elsewhere, but St. James's Palace. All this is the result of usage and custom; but there is neither usage, custom nor law to sanction any office-holder in the United States Government in addressing any other official of the Republic as "Your Excellency."

NEW YORK, 22 NOV., 1897.

OLD STYLE.]

MR. CHARLES DANA GIBSON, whose American girl is as popular in England as in America, has been severely criticised in London for making his English girl exactly like her. One critic says:—"His people in Bond Street are simply the people of Fifth Avenue transferred. They are never here, except as American tourists. His 'Hyde Park Corner' is crowded with these American invaders, while 'The First Night' is simply a practical joke of the same description. His 'Drawing-Room' is a conceivable presentation of the White House. It is certainly no function of Buckingham Palace." Du Maurier did no better when he attempted to draw an American girl. Indeed, he did worse, for he belied the type.

The Fine Arts

Old Masters at the Union League Club

MR. GEORGE GOULD'S recently purchased Rembrandt, "The Standard Bearer," was the centre of a loan collection of old masters shown at the Union League Club, Dec. 9 to 11. It is the portrait of a dignified and sturdy old man, who bears a remarkable resemblance to the well-known "Homme au Baton" in the Louvre. He is shown at two thirds length, of the size of life, and stands upright, holding the staff of a banner, which, falling behind his shoulders, makes an effective background for the head and the upper part of the figure. The light falls from the left, and on the right, which is the shadowed side, the face is relieved by the drooping white ostrich feather which ornaments his black hat. The remainder of the picture is now very dark; but one can distinguish the man's brown doublet with its gold buttons, and the gold-embroidered sword-belt which crosses it. The picture belonged at one time to Sir Joshua Reynolds, and is fully described in Dr. Bode's new catalogue of Rembrandt's paintings. It is said to have cost Mr. Gould \$75,000.

Sir Joshua himself was represented by an interesting "Unfinished Portrait of a Lady," so styled in the catalogue, though it is unlikely that the painter, who, at one period, executed portraits in two or three sittings, had intended to carry this any farther. It is a vigorous, harmonious and thoroughly satisfactory piece of work as it stands. Of several other examples of the old English school, the Constable, "View at Hampstead," is the most interesting, as it illustrates the painter's gift of reproducing sudden effects of light and shadow. The sky, in which trailing rain-clouds partly obscure a mass of dazzling white cumulus clouds in the distance, is remarkably fine, even for Constable. Two magnificent portraits by Franz Hals, of a man and a woman, possibly husband and wife, are much more carefully treated than was customary with the painter. The man holds a small gold watch, with an enamelled face, open in his hand; the lady—in a stiff white ruff—holds her gloves in hers. Both are half-length figures of the size of life. A portrait, by F. Pourbus, of Elizabeth of France, wife of Philip IV. of Spain, is remarkable chiefly for the wonderful painting of a wonderful costume consisting, so far as it is visible, in the picture, of an enormous ruff of white and black lace, a jewelled and enamelled collar of elaborate design, and a pleated and embroidered bodice with slashed sleeves displaying the white and gold brocade of the lining. At that period, dress made the woman; and she was right in insisting that full justice should be done to it by her painter.

The gallery of the club is artistically draped for the holidays in red velvet, upon which have been disposed, above the pictures, a few very fine old plaques of repoussée and engraved copper, brass and bronze, and antique lusted glass. A big bunch of holly branches, with their red berries and glossy leaves, accents and gives appropriateness to this rich and harmonious decoration.

The Boldini Portraits

THE HALF-DOZEN portraits at the Boussod-Valadon gallery will give New Yorkers an idea of the originality, the elegance, the boldness and the grace of one of the most cosmopolitan of modern painters. Boldini is an Italian-born Frenchman, who has absorbed something English during his residence in London, which has given a perceptible but indefinable flavor to his work. His figures are animated, restless, self-conscious—but not of their beauty. They are full of the spirit of the age, to which the body, however dainty, is but the outer shell and vehicle. The portrait of Mr. Whistler is, in some respects, the most remarkable of the six that are on exhibition. It is painted with great dash and energy, with an insistence on certain points of character, which seem to place before us the author of "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies," and not the painter of the exquisitely simple. The sudden but calculated pose, the creases in the flesh of the cheeks, the crow's-feet in the corners of the eyes, the long and delicate fingers twined among the disordered curls, now all nearly as gray as the once famous forelock, tell of the *vivante*, the dandy, the maker of bonmots. But the portrait fascinates and grows upon one because in the keen, inquisitive and yet dreamy eyes there is an indication of the inner man, the real Whistler. It is a wonderful picture, and yet it is matched by the extremely clever and sympathetic portrait of Verdi. The aged composer could only with difficulty be prevailed upon to allow himself to be painted, and the artist was obliged to sketch him in hat and muffler, ready for the street. But he has made a surprisingly life-like study, and one worthy of both the painter and the subject.



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G. BOLDINI

The same cleverness and much of the same insight are shown in the portraits of women. The "Comtesse de P——" takes a pose which recalls that of Gérard's "Mme. Récamier," except in the movement of the arms. But that movement aids in expressing the particular shade of coquetry cultivated by the pretty and intellectual woman of our day. The portraits in pastels of the vivacious Princess Poniatowska, and of a pretty South American girl, Mlle. Concha, though less intensely expressive, are not a whit less charming. It is to be regretted that the portrait of Mr. Stanford White which, it was announced in some of the papers, would be shown, could not be completed in time for the exhibition.

Portraits by M. de la Gandara

VERY modern, in another way, are the portraits by Antonio de la Gandara at the Durand-Ruel galleries. This young painter is still somewhat of an eclectic, though he has already made his mark, has been gold-medalled at the Munich exhibition of this year, and was made Chevalier of the Legion of Honor in 1895. He seems to aim to combine the precision of a cinquecentist draughtsman with the freedom of Velasquez and the subtle harmonies of Whistler; and yet it is plain that he has distinguishing qualities of his own which will doubtless show more plainly in time. His poses are novel, momentary, but quiet and subdued. He evidently delights in the graceful lines of a well-made dress, in the textures of rich materials, and in delicate and scarce perceptible nuances of color for their own sake; but he aims to make everything subordinate to the expression of character. The most successful of these portraits, and, we dare say, the latest executed, is that of Mme. S——, whose piquant features and elegant figure attired in a delightful harmony of black, gray and violet, are painted throughout in the same thin and flowing impasto. In some of the other portraits, notably that of Sarah Bernhardt, the painter and the draughtsman seem to struggle for the mastery. Here they are at one, and the result is a perfectly charming picture. In the portrait of Mme. G——, the curious resemblance of the model to the types affected by Botticelli and the earlier Florentine painters appears to have led the artist to an almost excessive refinement of line; yet the painting is excellent, and the different textures of flesh, satin and the ostrich-feather fan held in the right hand are rendered with remarkable success, though the technique is not in the least obtrusive. But in some of the other portraits the careful and somewhat harsh precision of the modelling of the features and the hair contrasts disagreeably with the freer treatment of the drapery. This, however, is a fault inseparable from that stage of progress, which, judging from the pictures mentioned, we would say that the artist has now left behind him.

In any case, the visitor to both this and the Boldini exhibition will enjoy the very uncommon pleasure of seeing the two extremes of modern fashionable life reflected by men of opposite temperaments and proclivities; the one penetrating, acute, audacious; the other quiet, receptive and reserved.

Music

Notes of the Season

THE PROGRAM of the second concert of the Philharmonic Society consisted of Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony, the Grieg piano concerto, and Hans Richter's concert arrangement of music from "Siegfried" and "Die Götterdämmerung." Raoul Pugno was the solo performer, and his interpretation of the Grieg concerto was notable for dash and spirit and for the warmth of the tone in the cantabile passages. M. Pugno, however, forces the instrument sadly in forte passages and overdoes his contrasts. Mr. Seidl's conducting of the Wagner music was masterly, but his reading of the Beethoven symphony was at war with both tradition and authority. He played the first movement and the last, as well as the trio of the scherzo, very much more slowly than Beethoven's metronome marks direct that they shall be played and more slowly than acknowledged authorities on Beethoven reading conduct them. The performance was smooth and well regulated in its accentuation, but surely Beethoven knew what he intended.

Mr. Anton Seidl's second orchestral concert at Chickering Hall was attended by an audience of good size. The program consisted of Smetana's "Bartered Bride" overture, the Beethoven piano concerto in E flat, Wagner's "Siegfried Idyl," a group of piano solo pieces, and Mozart's D major symphony. The solo pianist was Mr. Xaver Scharwenka. His performance of the Beethoven piano concerto was broad, dignified and scholarly. It was not all that could be asked in respect of variety of tone color, and there was a deficiency of tenderness in the slow movement. But there was so much merit in the interpretation that the shortcomings were easily forgiven. The orchestra's work was not technically flawless, but in the "Siegfried Idyl" it was very interesting.

August Spanuth, pianist, Ludwig Varum, violinist, and Anton Hegner, cellist, have organized themselves into the New York Chamber Music Club, and at their first concert at the Hotel Savoy they played Tchaikowsky's trio in A minor and Saint-Saëns's in F major in a manner that promised well for their future success. Mrs. Corinne Moore-Lawson, an agreeable concert singer, gave a group of songs by Franz, McDowell, Dvorak, Bungert and Bird.

The Kaltenborn Beyer-Hané String Quartet, in its performance of Schubert's quartet, opus 29, at its first concert this season, showed a great improvement over its work of last season. There is still much to gain in smoothness and fluency, but the quartet plays with earnestness and with plentiful evidence of careful preparation.

Jessie Shay, a young American pianist, who obtained her whole musical education here and then went abroad and gave concerts with success, appeared at the Carnegie Lyceum in an orchestral concert last week. Her performance of Paderewski's "Polish Fantasia" must have astonished her oldest friends. She played with a new and valuable accession of power and nervous impetuosity. When she has gained complete control of her forces, she will be a pianist of high merit.

The Drama

"A Ward of France" at Wallack's

THE FACT that it is founded, more or less remotely, upon historical fact, or rather upon historical conditions, does not add much to the literary or dramatic value of the new piece by Franklin Fyles and Eugene Presbrey, which was produced in Wallack's Theatre on Monday evening. Not only is it clearly melodrama, resembling in some respects more than one of the plays which made the Union Square Theatre so prosperous twenty years ago, but it is melodrama of an extreme kind, not so much on account of the violence or extravagance of individual incidents, as of the inordinate number of the complications. Really it contains effective theatrical material for half a dozen plays, dealing, as it does, with the interests of three or four sets of personages, whose fortunes are made to clash, or dovetail, in an extraordinary manner. Considered merely as a piece of dramatic joinery, as an example of the amount and variety of adventure that may be represented, within a given period of time, with some degree of coherence and intelligibility, it is an uncommonly ingenious bit of work. Many of the

scenes, moreover, although constructed out of very familiar elements, are set forth with freshness and vigor and with a keen perception of theatrical value. But the situations, thrilling, pathetic and picturesque, follow each other in such rapid succession that interest, to say nothing of credulity, becomes exhausted.

To attempt a sketch of the plot would occupy far too much space. It deals with the fate of a young girl, whom a wicked kinsman carries off from France to Louisiana, and seeks to ruin body and soul, in order that he may appropriate the inheritance of which she is the unwitting heiress. The time is just before the cession of Louisiana to the United States, when New Orleans was a hot-bed of intrigue, corruption and dissipation. It would be difficult to select a better place or period for a romantic melodrama and Messrs. Fyles and Presbrey have only fallen short of complete success because they were unable to resist the temptation to make a too lavish use of attractive material. That the piece will be very popular elsewhere than in Broadway, is almost certain. It is well, but not brilliantly acted. In fact it would be impossible nowadays to find competent romantic actors to fill so large a cast. Mr. Barrymore is a striking figure as the pirate Lafitte and Miss Elita Proctor Otis is effective as a vengeful mulatto sorceress, but both impersonations are utterly conventional. Mr. Stephen Grat-tan, Mr. George Osbourne, Miss Abell and Miss Bert all do fairly well. The scenery and costumes are of good quality, and one set, showing the courtyard of a French convent, is a very striking bit of stage painting. The representation was applauded liberally.

Closure in the United States Senate

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

In your review of President Harrison's book, "This Country of Ours" (page 10, Nov. 20), you call attention to an error in reference to *clôture*, and quote 7th Rule of the Senate, 1st Congress (1789-91). Will you kindly tell me where you find the rule as there quoted? The "Annals of Congress" (Vol. 1, page 20) report the rules of the Senate as adopted, but the *8th*, which is the only one there pertaining to the previous question, reads very differently from the one you quote. I don't know that it differs in

effect, but the language being so different, I am curious to learn what other prints there may be of these Rules.

PITTSFIELD, MASS.

H. L. DAWES.

[In reply to the veteran ex-Senator's inquiry: The closure rule of the Senate in early days, which was given in the review, was not worded correctly. It should have read thus:—"While a question is before the Senate, no motion shall be received unless for an amendment, for the previous question, or for postponing the main question or to commit it, or to adjourn." This is Rule 8. Rule 9 is as follows:—"The previous question being moved and seconded, the question from the chair shall be, 'Shall the main question be now put?' and if the nays prevail, the main question shall not then be put."

Not having the rules before me at the time of writing, I got another person to copy them, and hence the language was incorrectly given. Rules 8 and 9, as here given, were adopted in the Senate in 1789, and remained in operation until 1828, or thirty-nine years. Gen. Harrison, therefore, was in error when he said in his book that "the Senate has always refused to adopt any form of *clôture*." It is an error, however, which has been made by Senators, by statesmen in general and by political writers for two generations and over.—THE REVIEWER.]

In the course of its review of Gen. Harrison's book, the London *Daily Chronicle* ventures upon these remarks:—"The volume, as it stands, will be of the utmost value to those English critics whose vituperation of Americans is only equalled by their ignorance of the United States. In these pages they may learn why Bryan was beaten, they will understand why various negotiations moved so slowly; they may even appreciate the truth of the paradox, recently published elsewhere, that 'the salvation of the Republic is in the utter rottenness of its Government.'"

Notes

A PORTION of one of Dr. A. Conan Doyle's Brigadier Gerard stories, published by Messrs. D. Appleton & Company, is to be issued in raised print for the use of the blind.



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M. Zola's "Paris," which completes his famous trilogy, will be published by the Macmillan Co., publishers of his "Rome." "Cairo of To-Day," by E. A. Reynolds-Ball, will shortly be published by the same house. Mr. Ball is the author of "Mediterranean Winter Resorts" and the "City of the Caliphs." His new book is divided into four parts, "Cairo," "Excursions," "The Nile and its Monuments" and "Political and Antiquarian Subjects." It contains a plan of Cairo, and maps of the environs of the city and of the Nile from its mouth to Berber, and goes thoroughly into routes, fares, languages, hotels and all such practical information.

"The Sun's Place in Nature," by Sir Norman Lockyer, announced by the Macmillan Co., is a general account of the bearing of the new conclusions upon solar studies, and contains several hundred illustrations. These include the latest instruments used in astronomical research and many photographs of nebulae and spectra.

"Guy Mannerling," in two volumes, has been added to the charming Temple Edition of Scott's novels. Mr. Shorter supplies a biographical note of four pages.

Messrs. Routledge will soon bring out a new edition of their "Guide to London," edited by Rev. Robert Gwynne.

"The Old Rome and the New, and Other Studies," by Mr. W. J. Stillman, which Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish immediately, is made up of papers that have appeared in various magazines and reviews in England and America during the years between 1867 and 1895. "They are," says Mr. Stillman, in a preface which is not without its melancholy note, "selections from the wreckage of a life which has reached the limits beyond which it cannot be said that there is no hope, but at which reasonable men should be resigned if there be none, and at which the highest good seems tranquility, and the highest wisdom resignation."

The American Publishing Company of Hartford is soon to publish a uniform edition of Mark Twain's books. It will be complete, as arrangements have been made with Messrs. Harper & Bros. for the books that are on their list. There will be a limited *édition de luxe* as well as a popular edition, both to be sold by subscription only.

Dr. John Watson (Ian Maclaren) has declined the call to a London pulpit. At the same time he has told his Liverpool congregation just what it cost him in mental effort to preach continuously to the same people:—"No one who is not a preacher (he says) can ever imagine the agony of production. To preach to the same people three times a week, and to depend upon so fickle, and in my case so slow, an instrument as the brain—how can one continue without losing power and becoming stale and unprofitable? What a relief to begin again, to recast and improve one's message for unaccustomed ears and new hearts." Dr. Watson should "shake up the barrel." There is nothing that congregations forget so quickly as a sermon.

Mrs. Janet Hanning, a sister of Thomas Carlyle, died at the home of her son-in-law in Toronto, Ontario, on Monday last, in the eighty-sixth year of her age. Mrs. Hanning had many mementoes of her famous brother, but none more precious than the letters he wrote her from the time she left Scotland till his death.

Mr. Clement K. Shorter, the author of "Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle," says that three years ago Miss Nussey parted with all the Brontë letters in her possession to Mr. Thomas Wise, the well-known bibliophile. Of course she had already given a good many to callers. Miss Nussey was always glad to see anyone who cared to talk about the Brontës. She gave away letters, and in one case a lock of Charlotte Brontë's hair. It was understood that Miss Nussey proposed to devote the money paid for the letters to the enlargement fund of Birstall Church. She was all her life a most devoted Churchwoman.

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Miss Anna M. Vail, of 29 Washington Square, W., will receive contributions for pictures and casts in the public schools. The \$200 already received has been well spent, and the committee asks for more. Fifty dollars would secure the decoration of a large class-room, which could be named as a memorial. Among the contributors to this fund have been J. Kennedy Tod, Mrs. James Pinchot, Mrs. William Starr Miller, Joseph Pulitzer, Thomas Hastings, and Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, whose contribution to School No. 7, Hester and Chrystie Streets, amounted to \$970. This is an excellent work and worthy of the attention of all who have the good of American citizens at heart, for it is a true as well as a trite saying that "as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

Sir Henry Irving has been appointed Rede Lecturer for 1898 at Cambridge, to the great delight of the under-graduates.

Sir Wemyss Reid, the author of "A Monograph on Charlotte Brontë," writing of the late Miss Ellen Nussey in the columns of *The Speaker*, says:—"Among the many stories I gathered twenty years ago from Miss Nussey's lips about Charlotte Brontë, I remember perhaps best of all the tale she told of her last visit to Haworth. Charlotte had become the wife of Mr. Nicholls, and her friend found, somewhat to her surprise, that she had also become the model clergyman's help-meet, busying herself in the affairs of the parish in a way that she had never done before. Charlotte and her husband went for a walk on the moors with their guest. 'Are you not going to write anything more?' asked Miss Nussey of Charlotte. 'Oh,' was the reply, 'I have got a story in my head, but Arthur does not wish me to write it. He thinks I should attend to other things now.' Then, according to her statement, Ellen Nussey waxed valiant on her friend's behalf, and contended with Mr. Nicholls against his idea that a clergyman's wife ought not to engage in literary work. 'I married Charlotte Brontë, not Currer Bell,' was the husband's rejoinder."

The versatile Mr. Kipling contributes the rhymes that accompany Mr. W. Nicholson's "Almanac of Twelve Sports" (R. H. Russell). We quote the one that introduces the book. It shows Mr. Kipling's opinion of certain forms of sport:—

"Here is a horse to tame—
Here is a gun to handle—
God knows you can enter the game
If you'll only pay for the same,
And the price of the game is a candle—
One single flickering candle!"

Mr. Grant Allen has come down from his "hill top" and is writing books that have nothing to do with the tiresome sex question. He says that he proposes to follow up his "Evolution of the Idea of God," by no less than four other volumes; "one of these will deal in detail with the solar element in religion."

All universities and colleges will be interested to know that Mr. Edward Arnold announces for immediate publication a book on "Rowing" by Mr. R. C. Lehmann, Harvard's famous English "coach." There are chapters by Mr. Guy Nicholls and Mr. C. M. Pitman; and nearly forty full-page illustrations from photographs give graphic information of value to the novice on his first sliding seat or the happy winner of a place in the eight.

Heavy advance orders for a book are always welcome to a publisher, but sometimes they are embarrassing, as in the case of "More Beasts for Worse Children," by Lord Basil Blackwood and Mr. Hilaire Belloc, which Mr. Edward Arnold's representative in New York cannot supply fast enough. It is hard to say whether it is the pictures by Lord Basil or the verses by Mr. Belloc that make the book in such demand. We quote a sample of the latter:—

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"Th. Bentzon," Mme. Blanc, has been awarded a prize of \$300 by the French Academy for her collected articles from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, "Les Américaines Chez Elles."

Messrs. Harper & Bros. have in press, for early publication, a condensed or student's edition of "Motley's Dutch Republic," prepared by the Rev. William Elliot Griffis, including a continuation of the History of Holland from the death of William I., Prince of Orange, to the present time. It will contain nearly 1000 pages, and will be illustrated with over 40 portraits, views, etc.

The "Life and Letters" of the late Dean of Lincoln will be published at once by the Macmillan Co. The book has been prepared by his daughter. The correspondence includes letters which he received from Keble, Manning, Liddon, and Wilberforce.

The eighth anniversary of the death of Robert Browning, Dec. 12, was commemorated at Robert Browning Hall, Walworth, London. The address was given by Mr. Augustine Birrell. It may be remembered that last year's anniversary was kept at Marylebone parish church, when the golden wedding of the Brownings was celebrated.

The Academy of Dec. 4 is a special double number, containing a lively discussion of "Some Younger Reputations." The characterization of some of the writers in this category is very amusing. *The Academy* still sticks to its original choice for an English Academy. It says:—"We do not propose to make any change in our selection; but if it were desired to increase the number of Academicians from forty to fifty, the suggestions of our correspondents would indicate the following additional names:—James Martineau, Edward Caird, Henry Sidgwick, Lord Acton, F. Max Müller, Frederic Harrison, William Watson, Sir Walter Besant, Edward Dowden and T. Watts-Dunton.

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